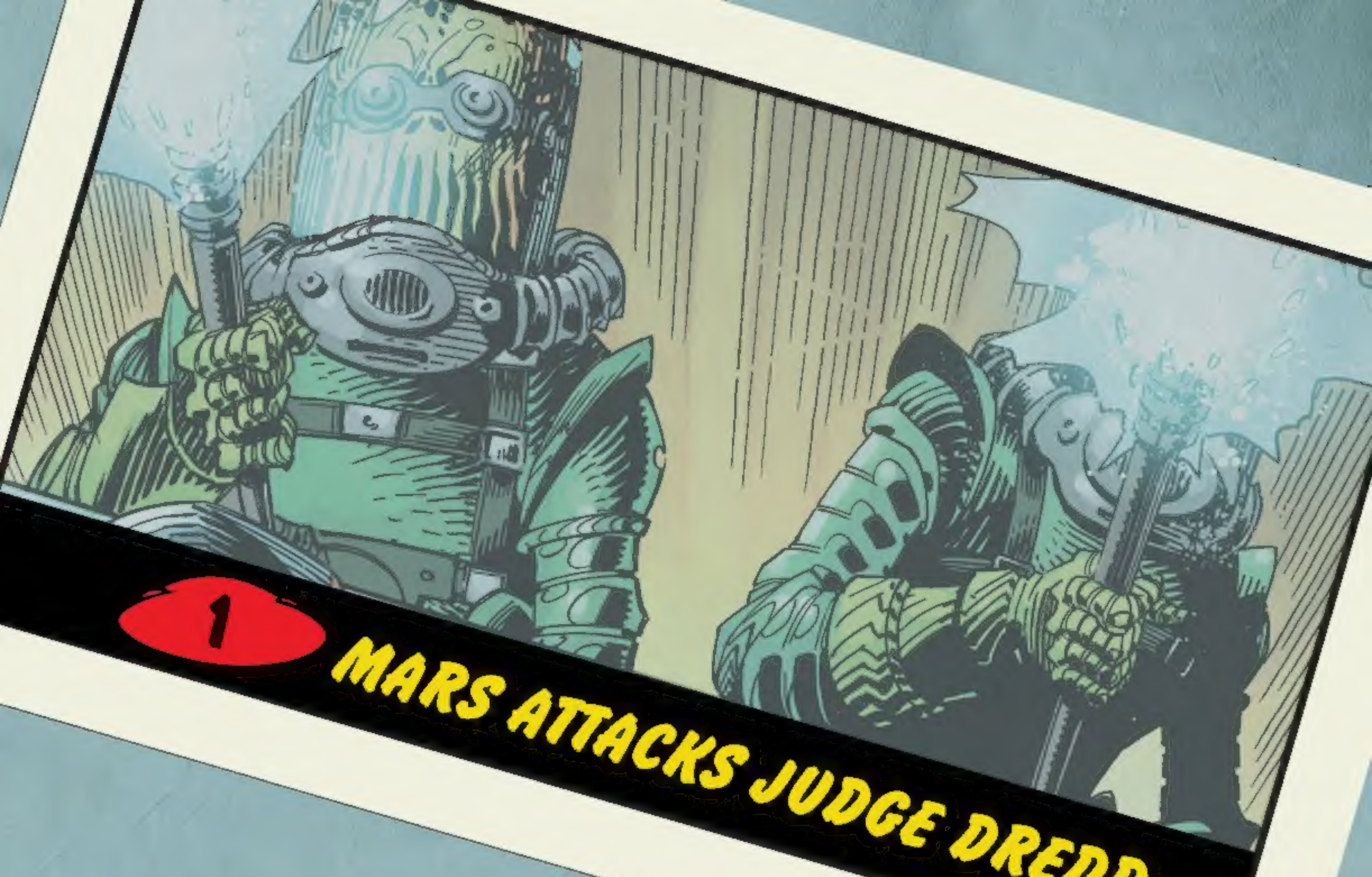
MARS ATTACKS

JUDGE DREDD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MARS ATTACKS JUDGE DREDD

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1 Art by Greg Staples

1 MEGA-MAFIA MEE

1 MEGA-MAFIA MEETING!

Midnight—the prime time for crime! Even the noble Justice Department can't be everywhere when the witching hour strikes—and in a hidden room somewhere across the city, the sinister heads of the Mega-Mafia are lurking, waiting, plotting YOUR downfall! SEEN SOMETHING? SAY SOMETHING! DIAL P-A-L FOR JUDGE PAL AND DOB IN A GANGSTER TODAY!

SEE CARD 2
EXCAVATING A NOSTRIL

ONE MONTH AGO.

LISTEN UP, YA CRUMBS!

I HEREBY CALL DA MONTHLY MEETIN' OF DA MEGA-CITY MAFIA TA ORDER, SEE?

REPRESENTIN' DA WEST SIDE—

—DON SCHNOZZELLI!

WHO SAYS YOU CALL THE MEETIN'?

I GOT A NOSE TA PICK WITH YOU, YA BIG APE—

SHADDUP! REPRESENTIN' DA NORTH SIDE—

—DON MUMBLETTI!

UHD UHS UHN UHNNUH... FUH MUH DUH BUH UHDDRUHSSUHN DUHS UHGUHSD BUHDUH...

SKIP DA SPEECHIFYIN'! REPRESENTIN' DA SOUTH SIDE—

—DON TRAVOLTA!

UH, YA WON'T BE... STAYING ALIVE... AFTER I... UH...

DON'T OVERWORK IT! REPRESENTIN' DA CENTER SIDE—

—DON HOOVERBOT-4000!

HEY, DID YA DEAL WID DEM JUDGES WHO WUZ HASSLIN' YA LAST MONTH?

EVERYTHING—IS—CLEEEEAN—!

YER COLD AS ICE, HOOVERBOT! I LIKE DAT IN AN APPLIANCE!

AN' REPRESENTIN' DA *EAST SIDE*— *ME!*

DON UGGIE APELINO— DA *MEANEST PRIMATE* WHO EVER *FLUNG HIS FECES!*

AND DA *LEADER* A' DIS LITTLE OUTFIT!

BLOW IT OUT YER *BANANA*, APELINO!

THE ONLY GUY WITH THE NOSTRILS TO RUN THE MEGA-MOB IS *ME*, SEE?

DUHSS *UHNGSUBDUHBUHL*... DUHN SCHNUHZZUHLUH... *UH* UHM DUH UBVUHUSS CHUHS UHN THUHS MUHDDUH...

WOULD-YOU-LIKE-ME-TO-CLEEEEEAN-?

HEY, THE ONLY ONE, UH, WHO'S... GIMME A SEC, BOYS, I CAN WORK *GREASE* INTO THIS—

ACTUALLY, YOU'RE *ALL* WRONG.

THERE'S ONLY *ONE* GUY WHO'S READY TO TAKE OVER THE WHOLE MEGA-MAFIA...

...AND YOU'RE *LOOKIN'* AT HIM.

FIVE YEARS AGO.

THE DEATHBED OF *BULGINE SMALLS*, BOSS OF BOSSES.

LISTEN... *YOUSE* GUYS WERE ALWAYS THE MAIN PAINS IN MY ASS... DAT'S... WHY I *CALLED* YA HERE FUH MY ϟKAFF!ϟ DYIN' *WOIDS*...

I FIGURE *YOUSE* FIVE... *BETWEEN* YOUSE, YOUSE COULD RUN DA *MOB*... AFTER I'M ϟKAFF!ϟ *GONE*...

YER GIVIN' *US* THE MEGA-RACKETS? W-WHAT ABOUT YOUR *SON*, GODFATHER?

WHO ϟKAFF!ϟ *CRUSTY*? DAT USELESS LITTLE STOMMBUCKET? FUH... FUH*GEDDA*BOUTIT...

P-POPPA?

JUST TRY NOT TO ϟKAFF!ϟ KILL 'IM UP *TOO* BAD...

...AN' WE RESPECTED HIS *DYIN' WISH*, CRUSTY! WE AIN'T KILLED YA UP TOO BAD!

BUT IF YOU THINK YOU CAN COME SNIFFIN' AROUND HERE FER A *HANDOUT*—

—HEY, HOW'D YOU EVEN GET IN? OUR SECURITY MEASURES AIN'T NUTTIN' TA *SNEEZE* AT!

"WHAT, APELINO'S *SOLDIERS*?

"THEY WENT OUT LIKE A PAIR OF CHUMPS—OR SHOULD I SAY *CHIMPS*?"

JOE BANANAS AN' FAST EEK— *DEAD*...?

BUT *LOOK* AT ME, BEING *SO RUDE* OVER HERE!

I GOTTA INTRODUCE YOU GUYS TO A FRIEND OF MINE...

NO

FZAK

MARS ATTACKS JUDGE DREDD!

MARS ATTACKS JUDGE DREDD!

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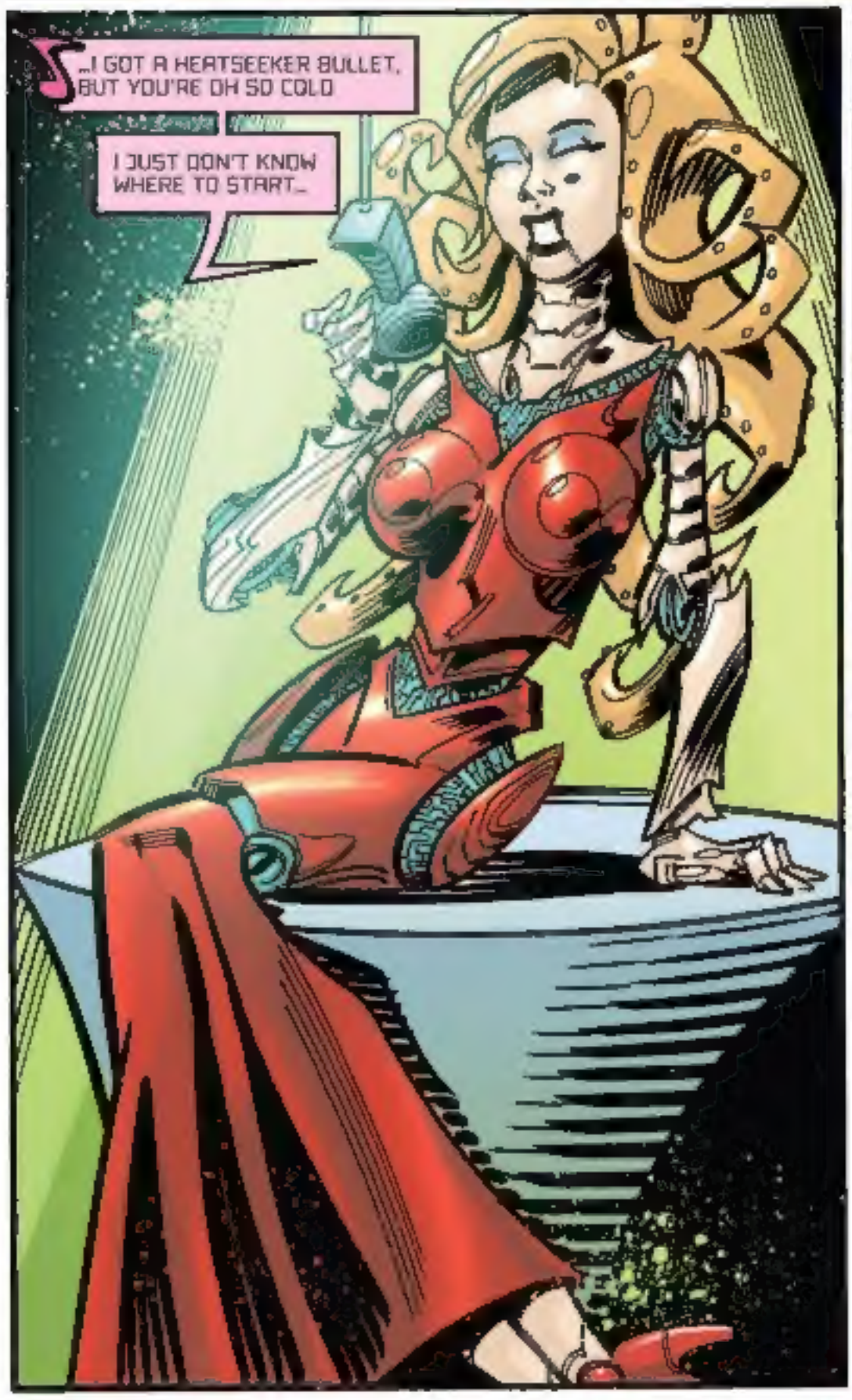
WHERE PERPS DWELL

The Va-va-voom Room—on the outside, temptation! Inside—scum and villainy! What fiendish offenses lurk within those walls? Littering? Spitting? Sugar consumption? Or worse? One thing's for sure—no law-abiding citizen would dare enter this den of depravity! DON'T GIVE IN—SAY NO TO SIN! CALL P-A-L AND ASK JUDGE PAL FOR A LEAFLET ON RESISTING UNDERPANT URGES!

SEE CARD 7
ROBOTS DON'T DANCE!



NOK NOK

...WHO'S THERE?

NOK NOK

HEY, YOU WANT IN THE CLUB, YOU GO 'ROUND THE FRONT ENTRANCE, CAPISCE?

...HELLO?

UNNH—

NOK

BREYER?

THIS IS DREDD.

I'M IN.

ONE HOUR AGO

SECTOR HOUSE 301.

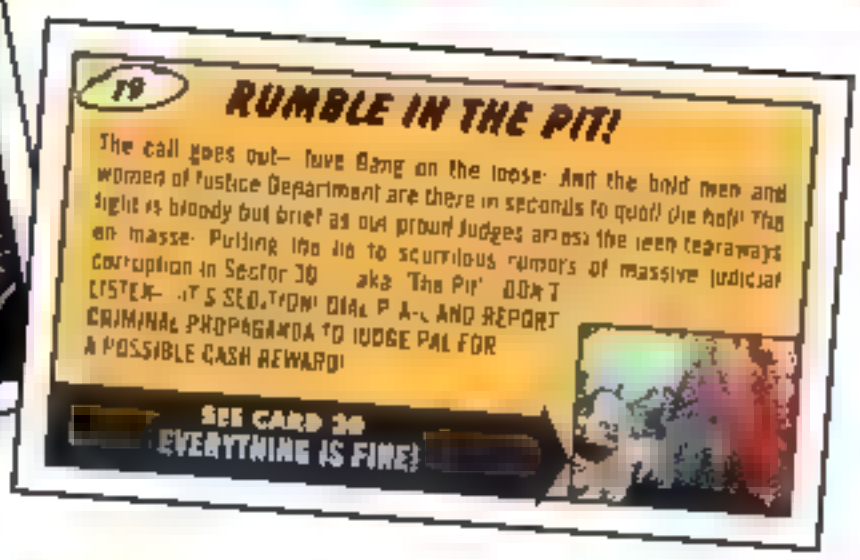
WELCOME TO THE *NORTH SECTORS*, DREDD

YOU'VE DONE TOURS UP HERE *BEFORE*, I TAKE IT?

ONCE OR TWICE

WELL, SECTOR 301'S PROBABLY GOTTEN A LITTLE *ROUGHER* SINCE LAST TIME YOU WERE HERE

THESE DAYS, THEY CALL IT **THE PIT.**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RUMBLE IN THE PIT!
The call goes out— have Gang on the loose. And the bold men and women of Justice Department are there in seconds to quell the hoi! The fight is bloody but brief as old prowl judges across the teen tearaways en masse. Putting the lid to scurrilous rumors of massive judicial corruption in Sector 30 aka 'The Pit' DON'T
LISTEN— IT'S SEDITION! DIAL P A-- AND REPORT CRIMINAL PROPAGANDA TO JUDGE PAL FOR A POSSIBLE CASH REWARD!
SEE CARD 36
EVERYTHING IS FINE!

I'D *HEARD* THINGS HAD SLIPPED HERE...

AND THEN SOME

CRIME'S THROUGH THE ROOF, CORRUPTION'S *ENDEMIC*. SEEMS LIKE THE POLICY IS TO BRUSH THE *DIRTIEST* IN THE DEPARTMENT UNDER OUR RUG

BAD WORKMEN, BREYER.

THAT SAID, I'M FAIRLY PLEASED WITH HOW YOU'VE TURNED THINGS AROUND SINCE YOUR APPOINTMENT TO *SECTOR CHIEF*.

I'VE SEEN THE *FIGURES*— VIOLENT CRIME DOWN *40%* IN THE LAST QUARTER, GANG WARS ALL BUT *ELIMINATED*

WHATEVER YOU'RE DOING, IT'S CLEARLY *WORKING*.

HEH. THAT'S THE *THING*, DREDD

MUCH AS I HATE TO *ADMIT* IT, THAT'S NOT ON *ME*

HERE, I'LL SHOW YOU.

UP UNTIL NOW, THE MEGA-MAFIA IN THE NORTH SECTORS— UNDER THE CONTROL OF *AUGUSTO MUMBLETTI*— HAS ALWAYS KEPT TO A CERTAIN *PATTERN*.

MAINTAIN A TIGHT GRIP ON ROUGHLY *80%* OF THE AVAILABLE TERRITORY. ANYONE CHALLENGES THEM ON *THAT*, THEY COME DOWN HARD

THE *OTHER* 20% THEY LEAVE FOR THE *SMALLER* OUTFITS TO SQUABBLE OVER, RIVAL FAMILIES, STREET GANGS. LITTLE FISH.

A *RELEASE VALVE*

RIGHT. THE GANGS ARE KEPT BUSY WITH EACH *OTHER*. WE'RE KEPT BUSY WITH *THEM*. A *WIN-WIN* FOR MUMBLETTI.

AND THAT WAS THE STATUS QUO UNTIL AROUND A *MONTH* AGO...

WHEN MUMBLETTI GOT *AMBITIOUS*. WORD ON THE STREET *NOW* IS HE WANTS 100% OF EVERY SECTOR HE'S IN TOTAL CONTROL.

CAN HE PULL THAT OFF?

HE ALREADY *HAS* OVER THE LAST THREE WEEKS, MOST OF HIS ENEMIES JUST *VANISHED*— GONE WITHOUT A TRACE.

IT'S ONLY BECAUSE OF THE DROP IN THE *CRIME FIGURES* THAT WE EVEN *NOTICED*

HMMPH.

AND IT GETS *WEIRDER*.

MUMBLETTI'S BUYING UP *LEGITIMATE OPERATIONS* ALL THROUGH THE CAPTURED TERRITORY— ONE IN EVERY *BLOCK*, AT LEAST

MORE *FRONTS* THAN *RACKETS*, AT THIS POINT

NOT VERY PROFITABLE WHAT'S HIS *ANGLE*?

NO CLUE WE'VE TRIED *BUSTING* THESE JOINTS—TEARING THEM *APART*, EVEN—BUT THERE'S NEVER A SHRED OF EVIDENCE TO SUGGEST ANY—

THERE'S YOUR MISTAKE. BIG BUSTS MAKE BIG *WAVES*.

IF MUMBLETTI'S GOT *MOLES* ON THE FORCE AND IN THIS SECTOR, HE *WILL*—HE'LL SEE YOU COMING A KAY AWAY.

ONE JUDGE, ON THE OTHER HAND, WORKING *ALONE*.

RIGHT.

IF YOU'RE TAKING *REQUESTS*, THE *VA-VA-VOOM ROOM* ON LEWIS AND WELLES MIGHT BE WORTH A LOOK.

ON MY WAY.

YOU LOCKED MY HEART UP IN THE ISO-BLOCK NOW BABY

BUT YOU'RE LOVIN' WHO YOU PLEASE

YOU GOT ME FLUSHIN' HOT AND COLD ALL OVER BABY...

LIKE A CURSED EARTH DISEASE...

HOLY~

YOU'RE TREATIN' MY POOR HEART LIKE YOU'RE DEATH HIMSELF BABY

YOU STICK YOUR HAND IN AND SQUEEZE...

PUM

OTTO

THE MUSIC COVERED THE FALLING BODY.

HE DRAGGED IT OUTSIDE- CUFFED T HAND AND FOOT TO THE L V NG PERP, TAPED HIS MOUTH AND T PPED THEM BOTH INTO THE DUMPSTER

WITH NO HOLDING POST NEARBY, IT'D HAVE TO DO THE LAWYER-DROIDS COULD SQUAWK ABOUT IT LATER

N THE MEANT.ME

SOME KIND OF *BASEMENT* DOWN HERE, BREYER I'M GOING N.

TWO IN *KIRSTIE ALLEY ALLEY* WA.TING FOR P CKUP. ONE MEAT, ONE MED CHARGE ON THE LIVE ONE IS *OBSTRUCTION*- SIX MONTHS

NOT ENOUGH TO GO N ON..

NOT YET. BUT THESE CREEPS ARE ARMED FOR A *REASON*

RADIO SILENCE JNTIL FURTHER NOTICE

WHUNCH

UNNT!

JUDD

FREEZE-

GRUD!

SEVERE MUTATION!

22 GUARDIAN OF THE SPHERE!

GILA-MJNJA OFFSHOOT, MAYBE?

THEY WEREN'T KNOWN FOR JSING WEAPONS

DROP IT, CREEP—

[-ICK MY SPACE GUN, HUMAN TURD.]

22 GUARDIAN OF THE SPHERE!

The hideous Martian's eyes flashed with hate as the lawman approached. His job was to guard the Sphere— the mysterious orb that would guarantee victory for Mars. He would allow no human to take it from him. Hissing through his hideous jaws, he aimed his atomic pistol—and fired!

AND DEFINITELY NOT WEAPONS LIKE THAT.

BEST NOT TO TAKE CHANCES.

BUM

YOU WERE WARNED!

ARMOR PIERCING!

EEEEEEEEE!

BREYER? BREAKING RADIO SILENCE

WE'VE GOT *MUTANT* INVOLVEMENT

MUTANT? YOU'RE *SURE*?

PRETTY SURE

WE'RE A LONG WAY N FROM THE *WEST WALL*

FARTHER THAN *SHORTY* HERE COULD MAKE ON HIS OWN. MY GUESS IS A *FREAK-FARMING* RACKET.

FREAK FARMING *MUTANT TRAFFICKING* A YOUNG MUTANT N THE CURSED EARTH WOULD DO A LOT FOR THE PROMISE OF *CITY LIVING*

THIS *GUN* HE HAD- LOOKS L KE SOME K ND OF *LAS-PISTOL*. JNKNOWN MAKE BJT IT HAD THE *POWER* OF A FULL SIZED *STUB-CANNON*.

WHERE DID *MUMBLETTI* GET WEAPONRY L KE THAT? MORE TO THE POINT— WHY WAS *SHORTY* CARRYING IT?

AND THEN THERE'S THIS.. *SPHERE*

AND IF THE R NEW L FE TURNED OUT TO BE *INDENTURED SERVITUDE* IN A *BASEMENT* SOMEWHERE WELL WHAT COULD THEY DO? CALL THE *JUDGES*?

STILL, THINGS D:DN'T QU TE ADD UP

EEEAAAGH!

WHAT SPHERE?

JUST A SECOND

HEARD A *SCREAM* FROM DOWN THE CORRIDOR.

I CAN HAVE BACKUP THERE IN *TWO MINUTES*, DREDD

NOT JUST *YET.*

SO FAR, MUMBLETTI'S GOONS DON'T KNOW I'M *HERE*. I'D LIKE IT TO *STAY* THAT WAY.

ON AIR

DREDD, YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE GETTING *INTO*–

NOTHING I CAN'T HANDLE, BREYER–

CRASH

DROKK!

NEVER MIND THE *BACKUP*–

—PEST CONTROL SQUAD TO THIS LOCATION!

THE THING IN THE PIT DON'T KNOW MUCH

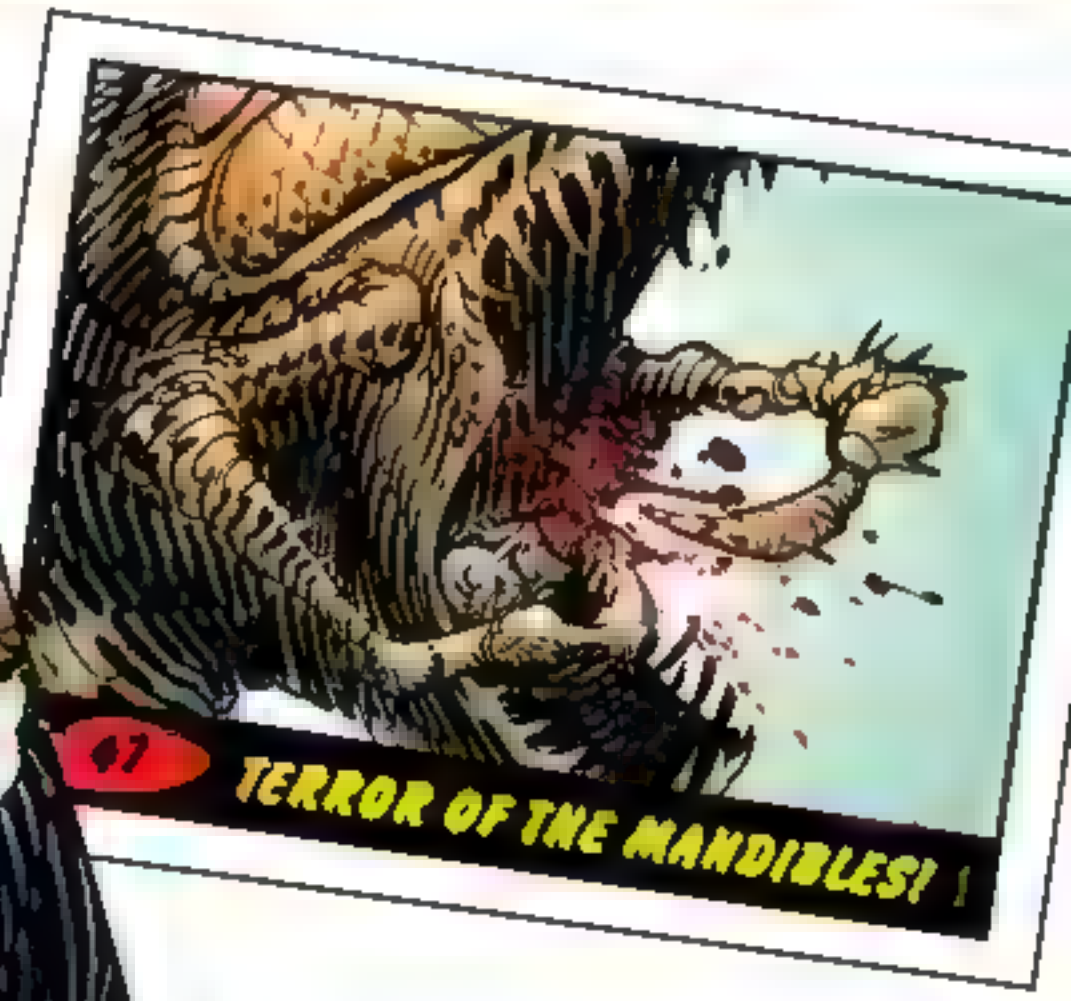
IT DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS BEING FILMED WHILE ITS STRONG MANDIBLES TORE INTO ITS SCREAMING PREY

IT DIDN'T KNOW THAT THERE WERE PEOPLE IN THE MEGA-CITY SICK ENOUGH TO PAY TO WATCH THOSE FILMS WATCH THEIR FELLOW HUMANS DIE

IT KNEW ONLY TWO THINGS IT KNEW THAT THE LITTLE-THINGS-ABOVE WOULD STING IT IT TRIED TO LEAVE THE PIT

AND IT KNEW IT HAD TO FEED!

EEEAAARRGH!!!



[INTRUDER, SLAY HIM!]

[WE WILL SELL HIS BONES AS MEDICINE FOR OUR SEXUAL DYSFUNCTIONS.]

I THINK WE JUST FOUND OUT HOW MUMBLETTI'S STAYING *PROFITABLE!*

GET READY TO HAUL HIM IN— CHARGE IS *MUTANT TRAFFICKING, SNUFF-SLUG PRODUCTION—*

RUM RUM

—AND KEEPING OF *EXOTIC PETS* WITHOUT A LICENCE!

AS THE *LOUD WET NOISES* ECHOED OVERHEAD THE *THING IN THE PIT'S* BRAIN FLICKERED DIMLY *AS NEW THOUGHTS* CAME TO IT

IT REALIZED THAT THE LOUD, WET NOISES MEANT THAT THE *LITTLE-THINGS-ABOVE* WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO *STING* IT NOW

.. AND IT REALIZED IT WAS STILL... *HUNGRY...*

VERY, VERY HUNGRY!

BZZZZ

STOMM! INCOMING INSECT!

SMK

MY LAWGIVER! DAMNED THING MOVES FAST-

DREDD RESPOND

FOR T DIMLY UNDERSTOOD THAT THOUGH T HAD A THICK BLUE HIDE AND A SHINY CARAPACE OVER THE DELICIOUS CRANIAL MEAT

UNNGH-

DREDD?

YES THE THING MOVED FAST! VERY FAST!

THIS WAS STILL ONE OF THE TASTIEST CREATURES IT HAD GORGED ON SINCE T ARRIVED ON THIS BLUE PLANET,

SO CRUNCHY SO TANGY SO... JUICY

THE YUMMIEST PREY OF ALL!

DREDD?

DREDD!

DREDD!

1

MARS ATTACKS JUDGE DRE

2 Art by Greg Staples

EAST-MEG ONE

COMRADES! I HEREBY CALL TO ORDER TODAY'S MEET NG OF—

THOOM

THE DIKTATORAT!

SUPREME JUDGE CHEST KOV, *PLEASE*— THAT IS THE *THIRD* TABLE YOU'VE RUINED *TODAY!* JSE A *GAVEL*, DA?

GAVELS ARE FOR *LESSER MEN*, HALFOV! AS ARE *TABLES!* A DECADENT WESTERN LJXURY THEY *DUCK* AND *COVER* JNDER TO ESCAPE OUR PROUD ATOMIC MIGHT!

..SUPREME JUDGE WHY ARE WE SPEAK.NG N *ENGLISH?*

WE ARE?

CHESTIKOV!

B-BRIANKLOV? B-BJT YOU WERE SENT TO *SIBERIA*—

DOG! YOL *DARE* TO SHOW YOUR FACE HERE?

EXILE IS TOO GOOD FOR TRAITORS ..KE YOU!

WE DO NOT AGREE ON *MUCH*, "SUPREME JUDGE," BUT WE AGREE ON *THAT*, AT LEAST.

EXILE *IS* TOO GOOD FOR TRAITORS.

DISPOSE OF THEM!

BRIT-CIT:

D-DIRTY DEN! YER MAKIN' A MISTAKE, ME OLD CHINA TWO AN' EIGHT—AAAHH!

SHUT YER CAKEHOLE, YER NONCE!

EURO-CIT:

S-SACRE BLEU AAAGGH!

CUIDAD BARRANQUILLA:

ANTARCTIC CITY:

15 INFILTRATION PROCEEDS

OF COURSE, *THE THING FROM THE PIT* DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT ANY OF *THAT*

IT DIDN'T KNOW THAT THE *LITTLE-THINGS-ABOVE* THE THINGS THAT *STUNG* IT WHENEVER IT TRIED TO LEAVE THE PIT WERE *MARTIANS*..

AND IT *COULDN'T* HAVE KNOWN THEY WERE *INFILTRATING* THE LARGEST *CRIMINAL ORGANIZATIONS* ON THE *PLANET*—FROM *CORRUPT JUDICIAL REGIMES* TO *CONTINENT-SPANNING SYNDICATES*.

NO. ALL *THE THING FROM THE PIT* KNEW WAS THAT THE *LITTLE-THINGS-ABOVE* WERE *DEAD* NOW

AND THERE WAS NOTHING TO STOP IT *LEAVING* THE PIT NOTHING TO STOP IT *FEEDING*.. *GORGING*.. *SINKING* ITS SHARP *POWERFUL MANDIBLES*—

INTO JUDGE DREDD!

22 MARS ATTACKS JUDGE DREDD, PART 2

DREDD

BREYER! HOW'S THAT PEST CONTROL COMING?

BACKUP ON THE WAY DREDD—ETA 40 SECONDS—

NOT GOOD ENOUGH!

N ABOUT 80 SECONDS, I'M GOING TO BE LUNCH!

THE THING FROM THE P'T COULD HAVE FIN.SHED T QUICKLY T.RN THE CREATURE APART AND LAPPED UP THE TASTY JUICES

BUT THEN IT WOULDN'T GET TO FEEL THE PREY

...SQUIRM!

-BOOT KNIFE!

SHUKK

ONE CHANCE

NOW THAT THE LITTLE-THINGS-ABOVE WERE DEAD, THE THING COULD TAKE "S TIME ... PLAY WITH TS FOOD

BUT NOT FOR TOO LONG FOR IT KNEW THERE WAS MORE OF THE SAME DEL CIOUS PREY WAITING ABOVE CROWDS OF PREY

A CITY OF PREY!

JUDGE TARTARE IS OFF THE MENU, CREEP!

THE THING FROM THE PIT TRIED TO UNDERSTAND WHAT WAS *HAPPENING*

SOMEHOW, THE PREY HAD *HURT* IT. THAT MADE THE THING IN THE PIT *VERY, VERY ANGRY.*

IT *HOVERED* FOR A MOMENT, CONSIDERING ALL THE WAYS IT WOULD MAKE THE PREY *SUFFER.*

PERHAPS IF THE THING FROM THE PIT HAD KNOWN MORE ABOUT THE PREY, IT WOULD HAVE TAKEN THE OPPORTUNITY TO GET AWAY

OR AT LEAST MAKE MORE OF AN EFFORT TO STOP IT FROM REACHING THE *LAWGIVER*

REGULAR AMMO WON'T SCRATCH THAT THING

GOTTA BE—

—*HI-EX!*

...BUT *THE THING FROM THE PIT* DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT ANY OF *THAT*

TOO BAD FOR THE *THING*

GLUP

JUSTICE DEPARTMENT! HANDS ON YOUR—

—HOLY CREM!

ARE ARE YOU OKAY, DREDD?

...

PEACHY.

YOU TWO—GET THIS CLUB LOCKED DOWN, THEN GRAB THE *BUG HEAD* AND COME WITH *ME*

JH. YOU WANT TO TAKE A *SHOWER* F RST, DRE:DD? CAUSE YOU K.ND OF, I MEAN..

GET *USED* TO T KJDROW. COMPARED TO THE CREEP WE'RE GO'NG TO *SEE*—

'—I'M SMELLING OF ROSES'

NUH WUHNS *UHGUHN*, WHUH DUHS JHD *RUHN*...? UHN DUH *PLUHN*.. UHN DUH *PLUHN*..

JHND WHUHS THUD SUHGGJH PLJHN ? JHN SPUHN . JHN SPUHN...

THUH *RUHN* . UHN *SPUHN* STUHS *MUHNLUH* JHN THUH *PLUH*-UHN..

THUH *RUHN*.. UHN *SPUHN*.. STUHS *MJHNLUH* JHN THUH *PLUH*-UHN..

UUUHHH!

HEADS YOU LOSE, CREEP.

DRUHDD! WUHD .. WUHD JHS DUH *MUHNUNG* JHN DUHS JNDUHGNUHDJH. ? JH CJHDUHN *DUHD*. JH HUHN JH *HUHD CUHNDUHSHUHN*...

YOU NEED A *HEART* FOR A HEART CONDITION, MUMBLETTI.

AND I'M SAVING MY SYMPATHY FOR THE POOR SAP WHO *DID* DIE—IN THE BASEMENT OF *YOUR CLUB*—WHEN THAT THING *ATE HIM* FOR A *PAYING AUDIENCE*.

LAWYER UP, MUMBLETTI.

YOU'RE GOING TO *NEED* ONE

JH UHM *UHNNUHSUHND* JHV JHL. *WRUHNGDUHUHNG*... JH UHM MJHLJH UHN *UHNUHSSUHMUHNG* UHMPUHDUH JHV *GUHDS* JHN *SUHVUHSUHS*..

..HUH HENS *DUHVUHCUHLDUHS* PRJHNUHNCJHNG CUHDUHN *VUHLS*...

MAYBE YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE TOLD HIM TO GET A *LAWYER DROID* IN...

UM... HE DOESN'T *REALLY* HAVE A HEART CONDITION, DOES HE...?

ALLEGEDLY. IT'S COVER FOR THE *PACEMAKER* HE HAD INSTALLED A COUPLE OF YEARS AGO— CONFUSES THE L.E DETECTOR.

PLUS IT MEANS WE CAN'T LEGALLY USE *TRUTH SERUM* SO IF WE WANT TO *BREAK* THIS CREEP—

WOULDN'T HAVE MATTERED, BREYER. MUMBLETTI DOESN'T LEAVE THE HAB *WITHOUT* ONE

—YOU'LL NEED *OTHER* METHODS, RIGHT, JOE?

JUDGE *ANDERSON*

YOU READ MY MIND

DON'T THINK ABOUT IT!

CLAIRVOYANCE ACTUALLY—HAD A *PSYCHIC FLASH* OF US FIGHTING FOR OUR LIVES. THAT USUALLY MEANS YOU *NEED* ME FOR SOMETHING, RIGHT?

WAIT, FIGHTING FOR...?

BEST TO CROSS THAT BRIDGE WHEN WE COME TO IT, BREYER.

SO, YOU WANT A *TELEPATH* TO TURN HIS BRAIN UPSIDE DOWN AND SEE WHAT FALLS OUT?

HE'S ALL YOURS.

GRUD ON A GREENIE!

CREEP'S HAD A *FIREWALL* INSTALLED— HEAVY-DUTY PSI-BLOCK! ALL I'M GETTING IS A FACE—

—F YOU CAN *CALL* IT THAT!

BOY, WHOEVER PUT THAT IN HAS ONE *UGLY* IMAGINATION—

LET ME GUESS... GREEN *SKULL FACE*, BOGGLE EYES? ENLARGED CRANIUM?

YOU TURNING *PSI* ON ME, DREDD?

NOT EXACTLY.

A CLUTCH OF THOSE SAME CREEPS WERE RUNNING THE *SNUFF-VID* OPERATION— SOME KIND OF *MUTANT HIT-CLAN*, I FIGURE

NOT THE *FIRST* TIME THE MEGA-MOB BROUGHT IN A LITTLE HELP FROM OVER THE *WEST WALL*..

RIGHT WHAT'S GOT ME CONCERNED IS THE *TECH* THEY'RE PACKING

TEK-JUDGE *MAYOU?*

JUDGE *DREDD!* COME *IN*, MY BOY, COME IN!

I WAS JUST HAVING A LOOK AT THESE *WEAPONS* YOU BROUGHT ME—*FASCINATING* OBJECTS! SIMPLY *FASCINATING!*

THEY'RE QUITE *IMPOSSIBLE*, OF COURSE. THIS *LAS-RIFLE* FOR INSTANCE—TO GET *THAT* ENERGY YIELD YOU SHOULD NEED A LAS-CANNON THE SIZE OF.. HMM.

..A DECENT-SIZED *HOTTIE HOUSE*, I SHOULD THINK. ONE OF THE *LARGER* CHAINS, TOO—SHAPIRO'S OR HAPPY HOAGIE'S.

NOT A *MCBLTZWBLTZ* VERY *POKEY* LITTLE PLACES BARELY ROOM TO SIT DOWN.

LET'S STAY ON *TOPIC*, MAYOU.

HMM? OH YES, YES WELL, *THAT* KIND OF FIREPOWER IN *THIS* PUNY THING— IT CAN'T BE *DONE*, MY BOY. NOT WITH *CURRENT* TECHNOLOGY.

HMMPH.

AND THEN THERE'S THIS *SPHERE*

WE'VE NO IDEA WHAT IT *DOES* YET, OF COURSE WELL, APART FROM FLOATING THERE ALL VERY *MYSTERIOUS*.

WHAT IF IT'S ANOTHER *WEAPON*? A *BOMB*?

OH, MY DEAR *FELLOW*. WE ALL DIE *HORRIBLY*! BUT IN THE SPIRIT OF *SCIENTIFIC* ADVENTURE!

BUT... *NO*, I DON'T THINK IT'S A BOMB. MORE A *CONTAINER*.

THE SCANS ARE A LITTLE *FUZZY*, BUT ASIDE FROM THE *FLOATING* MECHANISM—

—WHICH, AGAIN, IS FAR MORE EFFICIENT TECHNOLOGY THAN *ANYTHING* WE CURRENTLY HAVE, WRAPPED UP IN AN ALLOY STRONGER THAN ANYTHING WE *KNOW* OF—

—IT SEEMS TO BE FILLED WITH SOME FORM OF *ORGANIC MATTER*.

COULD BE A *BIO-WEAPON*—

POSSIBLY, POSSIBLY. BUT THE SPHERE DOESN'T SEEM DESIGNED TO *OPEN* AT ALL—NO SEAMS, NO HINGES. AND IT'S QUITE *IMPERMEABLE*

WE'VE TRIED *LAS-SAWS*, DIAMOND *DRILLS*, INDUSTRIAL *ACIDS*—NOT EVEN A SCRATCH.

ANDERSON?

MAYBE A LITTLE OLD-FASHIONED *PSYCHOMETRY* CAN SUCCEED WHERE SCIENCE *FAILED*, HUH?

MY DEAR LADY, PSYCHOMETRY IS A SCIENCE! BY ALL MEANS, HAVE AT IT!

HUH. IT'S *PROTECTED*, ALL RIGHT...

GETTING NOTHING BUT THAT SAME *SKULL FACE* AND A WHOLE LOT OF *HATE*...

HATE FOR *WHO*, ANDERSON?

TAKE YOUR PICK. *HUMANS*, *ANIMALS*—ANYTHING THAT *WALKS*, *CRAWLS*, OR *FLIES* THIS WHOLE *PLANET*...

CURIOUSER AND CURIOUSER! I WONDER F PERHAPS A *SÉANCE* ?

KEEP AT IT, MAYOU.

THAT MAKES *MUMBLETTI* OUR BEST LEAD. BREYER, YOU GOT A *MED-JUDGE* YOU CAN TRUST?

THERE'S *BARON*— TRANSFERRED TO THE PIT THREE DAYS AGO. NOT ENOUGH TIME TO GO BAD

GET HOLD OF HIM, BUT KEEP IT QUIET. I'VE GOT A *JOB* FOR HIM.

WHY THE SECRECY?

BARON'S GOING TO HAVE TO GET HIS *HANDS* DIRTY...

23 CAVITY SEARCH!

THUHS... UHHN! THJHS JHS UHN UDDRUJ .. MUH .. UHMFF .. MUH LJHYUH WUHLL *HUH* JHV THUHS *HUHMUHLUHUHDUHNG* DRUHDMUHND ..

IT'S NO PICNIC FOR ME *EITHER*, PAL. JUST HOLD ST LL WILL YA?

NOPE. NO *CONTRABAND*, DREDD GUY'S CLEAN AS A WHISTLE.

MY *APOLOGIES*, CIT.ZEN MUMBLETT. SOMETIMES THESE LITTLE HUNCHES LEAD US ASTRAY.

YUH... YUH WUHL.. *PUH* FUH THUHS, DRUHDD!

YOU'RE ENTITLED TO *15 CREDITS* COMPENSATION.

HAND THIS CHIT N AT *RECEPTION*— THEY'LL REIMBURSE YOU.

LOOKS L KE HE'S NOT TAKING YOUR CHIT, JOE

HIS PREROGATIVE

WE'LL BE KEEPING YOU JNDER *SURVEILLANCE*, CITIZEN MUMBLETT! JUST SO YOU KNOW.

RUMZZUMN.. FRUMZZUMN...

JUMST GUHD MUH *UHDDUH HUH*, DRJHVUH... JH HUHV JHN *UHMPUHDUHND MUHDUHNG* DUH *UHDDUHND* DJH.

GOT HIM ON *SPY-IN-THE-SKY*. I GIVE THAT ABOUT FIVE M.NUTES

HMMPH.

JUHJ *PUHLSUHN*.. JH UHM JHN MJH WUH DJH JH *VUHDUHL FUHNGSHUHN* JHN THUH *CUHMMUHNUHDUH*... YUH JHNNUHSTJHN...

JH WUHD *UHPRUHSHUHUHD* JH MJHDUHCUHM JHV *PRUHVUHSUH* JHN THUHS MJHDDUH...

PRIVACY IS MY BJS NESS, DON MUMBLETT!!

JUST LEAVE *HE*, JH, *ENVELOPE* IN THE JSUAL PLACE, OKAY?

HEY, *PAULSON!* IT'S GONNA COST YOU *FIVE THOU* TO WIPE THE *RECORDS* OF THAT CONVO! I JUST RAISED MY *RATES!*

PLUS AN EXTRA *FIVE!* *OPERATING* COSTS! PAULSON OUT!

..AND THERE WE GO

JH, *SORRY*, CHIEF—I THINK IT'S SOME K.ND OF FREAKY ATMOSPHER.C.. TURBULENCE? *RADIATION* TURBULENCE? ANYWAY, WE *LOST* THE GUY! *SORRY!*

YOU CAN'T DO SOMETHING *ABOUT* THIS, BREYER?

PRETTY SURE THE LOCAL HEAD OF SJS IS ON THE *TAKE*.

WE NEED AN INTERNAL SJS INVESTIGATION ON *HIM* BEFORE WE CAN GET MUCH ELSE DONE—AND THOSE WHEELS GRIND *SLOW*.

SJS NEVER *WERE* FIRED UP ABOUT EXPOSING THEIR *OWN*...

TABLE THAT FOR LATER, THEN.

CONTROL? PUT ME IN TOUCH WITH THE *GRAND HALL*....

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BEWARE THE MANTA!

QUITE A *RIDE* YOU HAVE HERE, DREDD...

MANTA PROWL TANK— EXPERIMENTAL MODEL.

WE NEEDED SOMETHING WITH *STEALTH CAPABILITY*— PLUS A CREW WE COULD TRUST *IMPLICITLY*...

YOU WANT TO EVEN *LOOK* AT THIS BABY, YOU NEED YOUR BACKGROUND CHECKED SO DEEP THEY KNOW WHAT YOU HAD FOR *BREAKFAST*—

THANK YOU, JUDGE LARTER.

RAMIREZ— ARE WE GETTING ANY SIGNAL FROM THE *COLON IMPLANT*?

FULL AUDIO RECEPTION, SIR—

—INCLUDING THE *ULTRA-SONAR MODULE*.

TEK-JUDGE MAYOU *OUTDID* HIMSELF ON THAT ONE COMPUTER CAN EXTRAPOLATE A PRETTY CLEAR PICTURE FROM THE *PINGBACK*.

THIS CREEP WON'T *SUSPECT* ANYTHING?

THERE MIGHT BE A LITTLE DISCOMFORT FROM THE *ULTRASONICS*. HOPEFULLY MUMBLETTI WILL PUT THAT DOWN TO THE "CAVITY SEARCH."

HE WON'T REALIZE HIS *BUTT* IS NOW OUR *EYES AND EARS*...

THAT'S A *NEW BUILD*. COURTESY OF MUMBLETTI'S *CONSTRUCTION COMPANY*. QUITE A PALACE. EITHER HE'S PLANNING ON *MOVING HOUSE* OR...

...OR WE'RE ABOUT TO MEET THE *CAPO DI TUTTI CAPI*

WAIT, I THOUGHT THE MEGA-MOB DIDN'T *HAVE* A BOSS OF BOSSES? WASN'T IT SOME KIND OF *FIVE-WAY SPLIT*?

IT *WAS*.

THINGS CHANGE.

WHUH *UHS* HUH... WUH JHS THUHD *NUH-GUHD UHSJHHPUH THUHD SNUHGG-UHN-DUH-GRUHSS*...

MUMBLETTI! ABOUT *TIME* YA STUCK YER MOOTER IN HERE!

NUTS!

MUH *UHPUHLUHGUHS*, GUHNNLMUHN... JH WUHS .. UHFJHDUHNJHD *DUHLUHD*... BUH *JUHSDUHS DUHPUHDMUHND*...

YOU GOT RUN N BY DA JJDGES? DEM JAYBOIDS AIN'T TOUCHED YA IN *TWENNY YEARS* MJMBLETTI! YOU GONE SOFT IN THE *NOODLE* OR *WHAT?*

A MEETING OF THE MOB MiNDS FIGURES THEY'D PICK THE *PIT* FOR IT...

STROKE OF LUCK FOR JS

JHD WUHS *UHNUHVUHDUHBL* THUHD WUHN JHV JHS WUHD BJH CJHD JHD *UHVUHNDUHUHLUH* WUH JH JHGSPUHNDUHNG DUH *FUH*.. DUH *FUHSD*..

EXPANDIN' TOO FAST—*RIGHT!* THIS IS WHAT WE BEEN *TELLIN'* YA, SMALLS, WE STICK OUR NOSES TOO FAR *OUT*, THE JAYS FIGURE SOMETHIN' *SMELLS*—

YOU GOTTA LEAVE A COUPLE BANANAS ON THE *TREE*, CRUSTY—

BOYS, BOYS...

[MAKE THE JGLY HUMANS BE *SILENT*, SHORT HUMAN.]

MY *ASSOCIATE* HERE, HE SAYS WE GOT NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT AN' I *AGREE* WITH HIM.

WITH *OUR* LEGAL REPRESENTATION, THAT "INSTANT JUSTICE" AIN'T QUITE SO *INSTANT*, RIGHT? MAYBE THE JAYBIRDS CAN *HOLD* YOU A WHILE, BJT THEY CAN'T *KEEP* YOU—

AND BY THE TIME THEY *CAN*— WELL, LET'S JUST SAY THAT DAY'S NEVER GONNA *COME*, YOU GET ME?

COCKY LITTLE CREEP...

IT'S HIS "ASSOCIATE" I'M NTERESTED N—ANOTHER OF THOSE *MUTANTS*...

...IF THEY *ARE* MUTANTS.

I M START NG TO [illegible]

WELL, I'M GETTING THE SAME CREEPY PSYCHIC FIREWALL FROM *HIM*—PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT, THOUGH. I'M GETTING MORE ALL THE TIME

KIND OF LIKE LEARNING A NEW *LANGUAGE*...

OH? YOU FIGURE THESE CREEPS ARE FROM OUT OF TOWN?

YOU'RE THINKING *SMALL*, JOE

I FIGURE THESE CREEPS ARE FROM *OUT OF THIS WORLD*

SEE, ME AND MY BUDDY HERE, WE GOT *PLANS* FOR THIS CITY. REAL *BIG* PLANS, CAPISCE? AND YOU GUYS ARE *PART* OF 'EM.

YOU PLAY YOUR *CARDS* RIGHT, MAYBE I'LL LET YOU HAVE A *TASTE* ONCE THE DUST SETTLES AND I'M *KING* OF THIS TOWN...

[*SMALL HUMAN!* I *TOLD* YOU TO MAKE THEM BE *SILENT!*]

HEY, I SHUT THEM UP LIKE YOU SAID

[THE WIRY HUMAN IS PROJECTING *ULTRASONICS* FROM HIS *FILTHY HUMAN BOTTOM!*]

[*SILENCE* HIS BOTTOM! SILENCE IT *NOW!*]

WAIT, HE'S WHAT..?

WHUHD... WHUHD UH YUH PUHNDUHNG JHD MUH FUH...

HE'S SAYING YOU'RE A RAT, MUMBLETTI.

[NO, HE'S A HUMAN.]

JH RUHD..? YUH THUHNG JH... UH. WUHD UHNFUHM UHN YUH? MUH, DUHN MUHMFJHD "MJHMBUHLS" MUHMBLUHDDUH...?

THAT STINKS, SMALLS! YA THINK I WOULDN'A SNIFFED HIM OUT BEFORE NOW?

YUH THUHNG JH UHM WUHRUHNG UH WUHR..? YUH UHNSUHD MJH TJH MUH FUHS...?

AW, MAN... PUT 'EM AWAY, MJMBLETTI—

GUH UHN, SMJHLLS... SHUH MJH THUHS WUHR... SHUH MJH THUHS...

...WUHR...

[IF YOU INSIST, MR NKLY HUMAN.]

FWOOSH!

OHH

HOLY HANNAH!

THAT'S OUR CUE.

1
MARS ATTACKS JUDGE DREDD

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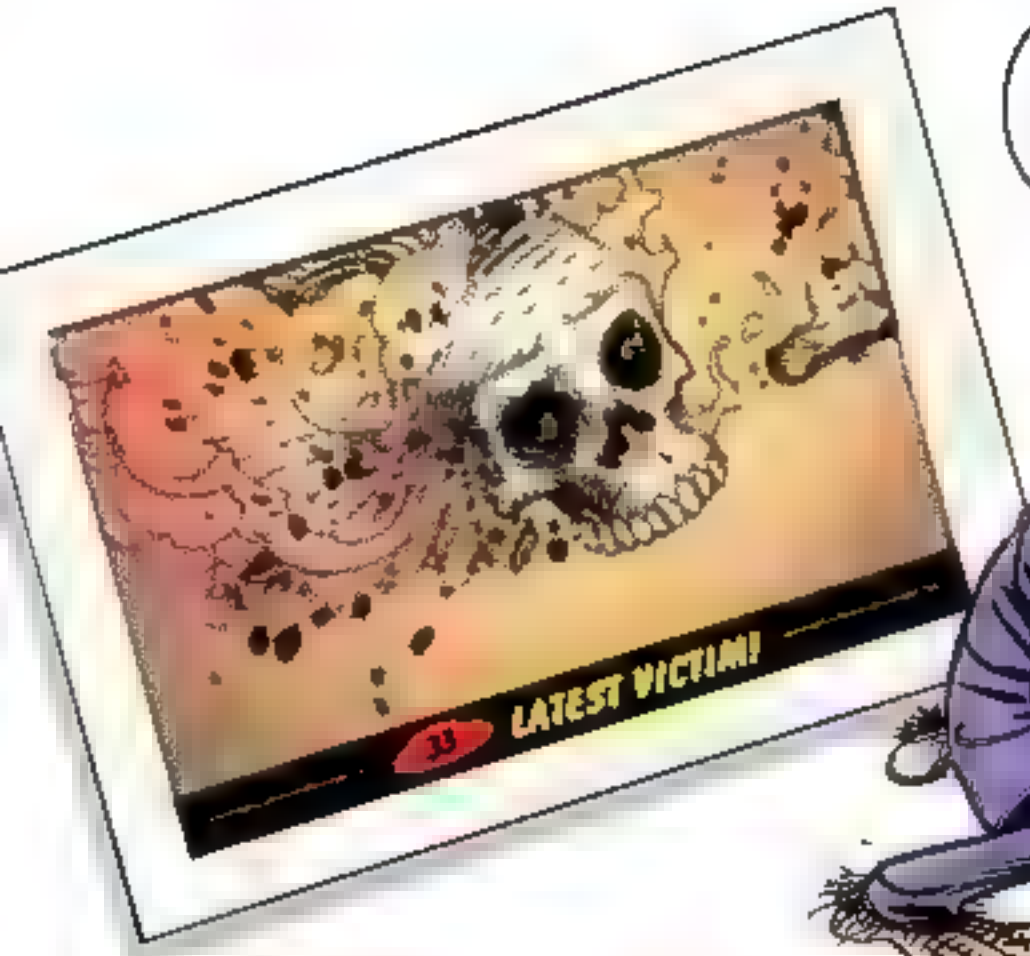
Art by Greg Staples



DON MUMBLETTI— *DEAD!* F I WASN'T SMELL N' HIS *CHARRED CORPSE* WIT' MY OWN *NOSTRILS*, I WOULDN'T *BELIEVE* IT!

HE WAS A *GREAT MAN.* FULLA *WISDOM*... I REMEMBER HE USED TO *SAY* TO ME— "*DON UGGIE,*" HE'D SAY...

AN' THE REST WAS *TOTALLY UNINTELLIGIBLE,* BUT YA COULD TELL :SNIFF:- THAT HE MEANT EVERY WOID...

THE DON :SNIFFLE:- THE DON DIDN'T OPEN HIS *MOUTH* MUCH... OR *EVER*... BUT HE OPENED :SOB:- HIS *HEART*...

WHEN HE WASN'T *TORTURIN'* FOLKS, OBVIOUSLY.

KILLIN' HIM LIKE THAT — YA GONE *TOO FAR,* SMALLS! YOU *AN'* YER PET MUTIE!

YEAH! DIS PLAN OF YOURS IS *THROUGH.* YOU HEAR ME? ME AN' APEL NO AIN'T *SMELLIN'* WHAT YER *SELLIN'* NO MORE!

WELL, GEEWHIZ.

AIN'T THAT TOO BAD

BOYS?

.. UH..

SEE, I HATE TO *BREAK* IT LIKE THIS, BUT IN THE GREAT *SCHEME* OF THINGS..

YA *STINKIN'* PIECE A—

—EEEEAAAHHH!

YOU'VE KINDA REACHED THE LIMITS OF YOUR *USEFULNESS*.

FRY THE APE *SLOWLY*, BOYS I WANNA MAKE A *GOULASH* OUT OF HIM.

IS.. IS DIS DA *END* FOR *UGGIE APELINO*. ?

DROP THAT PRIMATE, CREEPS!

THIS IS A RAID!

31 MARS ATTACKS JUDGE DREDD, PART 3

<JUDICIAL HUMANS! KILL THEM WITH OUR SPACE RAYS.>

<I WANT THE HAT!>

SOUNDS LIKE WE'VE GOT A LANGUAGE BARRIER.

LUCKY FOR ME

I BROUGHT MY TRANSLATOR

RICOCHET BULLETS— RAPID FIRE!

BAM BAM

AAAHH!

WHAT THE HELL'S THE *MATTER* WITH YOU KOOKS? YOU'RE AN ARMY OF *SPACE MONSTERS*— HE'S JUST *ONE GUY!*

(WATCH YOUR TONE, HUMAN.)

I'LL SHOW YA HOW IT'S DONE

BLAM

THERE! ONE SHOT!

RIGHT THROUGH THE FRICKIN' HEAD!

(HUMAN— WHAT HAVE YOU *DONE*?)

WHAT HAVE I *DONE*? I JUST *EXED* THE GREAT...

...JUDGE...

...DREDD?

LOOKS LIKE YOUR PRINCESS IS IN ANOTHER CASTLE, CREEP.

WHAT THE *DROKK*?

BLAM BLAM

OH PLEASE

EEEEEEEE--

YOU DON'T THINK I'M ACTUALLY *HERE*, DO YOU?

I MIGHT NEED A LITTLE PRACTICE ON THE *SPACE MONSTERS*, WAS IT? THAT'S USEFUL TO KNOW

BUT ALTERING *YOUR* PERCEPTIONS IS A WALK IN THE BLOCK PARK.

DIE!

OUCH! NICE SHOOTIN', PARD!

BLAM

(WE'RE BE NG SLAUGHTERED! IT MUST BE TIME TO ACTIVATE PHASE OMEGA.)

(THAT'S A DECISION FOR THE COMMANDER.)

(FOR OUR PART...)

(...SLAY THE FURRY ONE HIS HAIRY BRA N KNOWS TOO MUCH!)

NUTS!

DON'T SUPPOSE I COULD CONV NCE YOU MOOKS TO LET ME GO? COULD BE A LOTTA BIG BANANAS IN IT FOR YA—

—I MEAN, I'M TALK,N' ABOUT MONEY HERE, BUT I GOT ACCESS TO FRUIT, TOO, CAPISCE?

(KEEP YOUR HANDS IN THE AIR FURRY HUMAN.)

DOIN' THIS THE HARD WAY, HUH?

(AAAHHH! HE'S GOT WE RD L TTLE FOOT-HANDS!)

EEEEE!

FINE BY ME...

FLAP

(NO.)

(CALLING SUPREME HIGH COMMAND! THE HUMANS HAVE RUMBLED US WITH THEIR SNEAKY TRICKS!)

(WE MUST ACTIVATE THE SPHERES!)

I HOPE THAT MEANS "I SURRENDER," PUNK.

(IT DOESN'T)

KLIK

OH BOY.

THAT CAN'T BE GOOD

DREDD! GET DOWN—

EPBEEPBEEPBEEPBEEPBEEPBEEPBEEPB

UNNH...

(THE HUMAN COLLABORATOR WILL NOT TALK, LEGALLY EMPOWERED HUMAN...)

(...AND NEITHER WILL I.)

(MARS FOREVER, EARTH NEVER.)

DROKK—

SUICIDE FROM SPACE!

DEATH BEFORE DISHONOR, HUH?

LOOKS LIKE

UNLESS APELINO KNOWS ANYTHING WORTHWHILE—

NOT MUCH.

HEY! OUTTA MY HEAD, SKINFACE!

NO MORE THAN WE'D FIGURED OUT ALREADY, ANYWAY

THEN WE JUST LOST OUR MAIN LEADS ON THIS THING.

AND I'M GUESSING WE MIGHT NOT HAVE MUCH TIME LEFT...

...THERE MAY BE A WAY.

THE LAST SPARKS OF CONSCIOUSNESS TAKE A WHILE TO FADE, JOE.

FOR A TIME, THERE ARE ECHOES OF LIFE TRACES OF MEMORY

GHOSTS, HAUNTING THE HOUSE YOU USED TO LIVE IN. LET'S SEE WHAT THEY HAVE TO SAY.

DEADY OR NOT, SMALLS...

...HERE I COME!

NONE SHALL PASS!

OH REALLY? YOUR PSYCHIC FIREWALLS MIGHT HAVE GIVEN ME TROUBLE BEFORE..

...BUT BY NOW YOU'VE LOST YOUR SHOCK VALUE!

SHRIEK

WHICH LEAVES... CRUSTY SMALLS, I PRESUME?

HELLO? IS... IS SOMEBODY THERE?

EVERYTHING'S DARK, AND... AND I FEEL KIND OF WEIRD...

YOU FEEL KIND OF DEAD, CRUSTY.

OH GOD, NO NOOOOO—

LET'S JUST HAVE A BROWSE THROUGH THOSE MEMORIES, SHALL WE?

SEEMS A GOOD PLACE TO START...

I SHAID GIMME ANOTHER, BARKEEP' MY DADDY JSHED TO OWN THISH LOUSHY DIVE!

YA.. YA KNOW WHO HE WASH? HUH? MY DADDY DEARESHT?

BULGINE SHMALLSH, THAT'SH WHO' BOSH OF BOSHESH! AN' I WASH GONNA FOLLOW IN HISH FOOTSHTEPSH— JNT ⌞ THEY TOOK IT AWAY!

WELL, ONE DAY I'M GONNA SHOW 'EM— I'M GONNA SHOW ALL OF 'EM!

(THAT ONE ⌞OOKS PROMISING.)

WHAT THE—

(NITIAT NG CONTACT)

WHADDYA SHTICK ME WITH, YA LOUSHY MLTIE FREAK?

(A SIMPLE NANO-TRANSLATOR TO ALLOW YOL TO UNDERSTAND ME.)

(T'S DEFINITELY NOT ALSO A BOMB.)

T'SH NOT A WHAT?

(NOTH NG. TELL ME, NEBR ATED HUMAN...)

(. HOW WOLLD YOU ⌞KE A LITTLE... VENGEANCE?)

THE OLD *REVENGE MOTIVE*, HUH? LET'S FAST-FORWARD A LITTLE...

FZZAK

(THE R TURN WILL COME *AFTER* YOU'VE USED YOUR CRIMINAL CONTACTS TO AID OUR *INVASION PLAN*.)

AN *INVASION*. ?

THESE POPGUNS OF YOURS ARE SOMETHIN' *ELSE*, PALLY! YOU COULD TAKE ON THE WHOLE *JUSTICE DEPARTMENT* WITH THESE!

SURE. SURE—AND N RETURN, YOU MAKE ME *RULER* OF THE MEG, RIGHT? THAT'S THE DEAL?

JUDGE DURT

(OF COURSE OUR OWN PLANS ARE *MEANINGLESS* COMPARED TO *YOUR* PETTY HUMAN DESIRES.)

NICE OF YOU TO *SAY SO*, PALLY!

HE'S BEING *SARCASTIC*, YOU JERK.

DROKK!

I'M OUT OF TIME!

COME *ON*, SMALLS, DON'T QUIT ON ME *YET*!

GIVE ME SOMETHING I CAN *USE*!

THE SPHERES—

ANDERSON?

GOT SOMETHING?

A *GLIMPSE*— JUST BEFORE SMALLS WINKED OUT FOR GOOD.

REMEMBER THAT *SPHERE* YOU FOUND IN MUMBLETTI'S CLUB?

SURE

TURNS OUT THESE *ALIENS* HAVE ONE PLANTED IN EVERY *MOB-OWNED BUSINESS* IN THE CITY. PART OF SOME KIND OF *INVASION PLAN*

UGGIB DIDN'T GIVE IT MUCH THOUGHT, BUT THEY WERE REAL IMPORTANT TO *SMALLS*.

...AND SINCE SMALLS WAS THE BRAINS...

HEY, I *RESENT* DAT!

...THEY MIGHT JUST BE THE KEY TO THIS WHOLE THING.

YOU GET THAT, BREYER?

I HEARD PUTTING YOU THROUGH TO *TEK JUDGE MAYOU*.

JUDGE *DREDD!* I-I WAS JUST GOING TO *CALL* YOU, MY BOY!

MAYOU, ANY PROGRESS [redacted] TH THE

YE-ES...

FUNNY YOU SHOULD MENTION THAT..

W-WHAT'S WID DA *SPHERE*, LOUIE?

ACROSS THE CITY:

I *DUNNO!* IT... IT JUST STARTED MAK N' THAT WEIRD *BUZZIN'* SOUND! AW, MAN, I DON'T LIKE THIS—

EAST-MEG ONE

SNEKOV'S SHROUD! I AM NOT *LIKINK* THIS, YUR!!

~IS *BUILDINK* TO SOMETHINK, I THINK—

BRIT-CIT

BARN! ME OL' DOG AN' DUCK! IT'S GONNA GO *OFF*—LIKE A RUDDY *BOMB*, IT WILL—

TEC

THINK IT'S SOME SORT OF *BOMB*, JUDGE MAYOR?

DEAR BOY, I RATHER THINK WE RE ALL ABOUT TO FIND—

KLAAAPPPASSHHH

ACROSS THE CITY A FEW BRIEF FLASHES OF LIGHT—

— AND THEN THERE IS ONLY DARKNESS!

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PANIC IN THE DARKENED CITY!

DROKK!

BREYER, THIS IS DREDD! DO YOU READ ME?

COME IN, BREYER!

MY HELMET RADIO'S DEAD ANDERSON?

WAY AHEAD OF YOU—

WE'RE COMING DOWN HARD! ALL CONTROL SURFACES ARE OUT! CRASH WEBBING HASN'T DEPLOYED!

BRACE FOR IMPACT PEOPLE—

DAMN IT.

LOOK AFTER MY SECTOR. JOE

NO...

THE . THE MANTA *CRASHED* JUST LOST POWER AND DROPPED RIGHT OUT OF THE SKY

SURVIVORS?

ZERO.

THEY WON'T BE THE *ONLY* ONES, EITHER. THIS IS HAPPENING *CITYWIDE*—MAYBE ALL OVER THE WORLD.

THOSE *SPHERES*— THEY'RE KILLING OUR *TECHNOLOGY*. SHUTTING DOWN ANYTHING MORE COMPLEX THAN A *SOCKET WRENCH*

OUR WHOLE *CIVILIZATION* JUST GOT *SWITCHED OFF*

KEEP IT *TOGETHER*, ANDERSON.

CAN'T HELP REACTING, JOE. I'M A *TELEPATH*—I CAN *FEEL* EVERY DEATH.

THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE, *GONE*—AND THAT'S ONLY IN MY *RANGE*

WORLDWIDE, IT COULD BE *MILLIONS*—*BILLIONS*, EVEN...

YEAH? WELL, YOU AIN'T PINNIN' IT ON DIS APE—

STOP RIGHT *THERE*, PUNK!

YOU AIDED AND ABETTED *HIGH TREASON*...

...AND THE SENTENCE IS—

—*STOMM!* LAWGIVER'S AFFECTED, TOO!

WELL, WHADDYA KNOW?

SOMETHIN' TELLS ME MINE'S GONNA WORK JUST FINE..

YOU'RE ONLY ADDING TO YOUR CRIMES, APELINO

DAMN! CREEP MOVES FAST!

FORGET IT, DREDD

I'VE A HUNCH WE'LL SEE HIM AGAIN—AND RIGHT THIS MINUTE..

GRUD!

"I THINK WE'VE GOT *BIGGER* FISH TO FRY."

BOOM

JEFF MAY

MARS ATTACKS JUDGE DREDD

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Art by Greg Staples

64

THE INVASION BEGINS!

64

THE INVASION BEGINS!

Darkness! Whether through accidental power outage or alien sabotage, lack of light means crime is a blight! That's why venturing into non-lit spaces is classed as incitement and punishable by up to one year's encubement! DARKNESS FALLING? GET CALLING! DIAL P. A. L FOR JUDGE PAL AND A TEAM OF BULB REPLACEMENT ENGINEERS CAN BE AT YOUR SIDE WITHIN 108 WORKING DAYS!

SEE CARD 64 APPLIES GOES BANANAS

BRIT-CIT:

I *SAY*, JUDGE PONSONBY! *DREADFUL* NUISANCE. BUT MY *GUN* SEEMS TO HAVE RATHER GONE FOR A *BURTON*, WHAT?

BY *JINGO*, JUDGE FARQUHAR-SMYTHE, YOU'RE *RIGHT!* NONE OF THESE DASHED *ELECTRONIC GEEGAWS* SEEM TO BALLY WELL *WORK* ANYMORE!

DUCK AND DUCK

THE ALIEN SPHERES, SUPREME JUDGE BRANKLOV! THEY DID THIS!

EAST-MEG ONE:

N-NYET! I-I TRUSTED YOU! YOU CANNOT DO THIS—

TEXAS CITY:

AH TRUSTED Y'ALL— *EEEAAAHHH!*

FZAAKK

ANTARCTIC CITY:

FZAAKK

MEGA-CITY ONE:

SO.

NOW WHAT?

JUDICIAL TECH IS SHIELDED AGAINST ELECTROMAGNETIC PULSE. THIS IS SOMETHING ELSE. MAYBE SOMETHING WE CAN *REVERSE*.

. EITHER WAY, WE NEED TO GET BACK TO THE *SECTOR HOUSE*

DREDD?

I SEE THEM.

(TH- THESE ONES SEEM TO BE *ARMED*, SIR.)

(SO? THEY'LL DIE LIKE THE REST.)

(INCINERATE THEM! *INCINERATE THEM TO DEATH!*)

THE LOUDER THE SHOUT NG, THE WORSE THE *SHOOTING*.

SHOULD'VE TAKEN JS OUT FROM COVER.

BAD TECHNIQUE

(OH NO—)

GETTING ANYTHING USEFUL FROM THIS ONE?

HE'S *TERRIFIED*, BUT THAT'S ABOUT IT. SOME KIND OF *FOOT SOLDIER* I'M GUESSING. FIRST DAY ON THE JOB.

(PLEASE I SURRENDER!)

AND THE LAST

DON'T KNOW WHAT THE *AMMO SITUATION* IS WITH THESE THINGS, BUT BETTER SAFE THAN SORRY.

NOW WE JUST NEED *TRANSPORT*...

WAY AHEAD OF YOU, JOE

REMEMBER WHEN I SAID WE'D SEE *DON UGGIE APELINO* AGAIN...?

RRRRR

...NICE CAR.

ERRRT

MUMBLE

DIS HEAP? ANTIQUE GAS-BURNER FROM THE *PRE-WAR* DAYS— FOUND IT IN SMALLS' *GARAGE*.

LISTEN, I WAS ALL SET TO *BLOW* DIS BANANA STAND BUT I GOT A LITTLE *VOICE* N MY HEAD SAYIN' I AIN'T GOT A CHANCE ON MY *OWN*...

AN' I WAS THINKIN' MAYBE *YOU* FELT THE SAME *WAY* HOW *ABOUT* IT, DREDD? WANNA CALL A *TRUCE*?

A LITTLE *VOICE*, HUH?

SURE. Y'KNOW, KINDA LIKE MY *CONSCIENCE* OR SOMETHIN'

OR SOMETHING.

I'LL TAKE YOUR COOPERATION INTO ACCOUNT AT THE *SENTENCING* STAGE, APELINO—

NO WAY! I SET DA TERMS, JUDGEY!

I WANT *TOTAL AMNESTY* ON ALL PAST *CRIMES*, SEE? ANYTHING I EVER DID—GONE FROM DA RECORDS! OTHERWISE YA GET *NIX* FROM ME!

ANDERSON?

I DON'T THINK WE'RE GOING TO GET A BETTER *OFFER*, DREDD

HMMPH.

I THINK THAT MEANS IT'S A *DEAL*

DAMN *STRAIGHT* IT IS! NO FLEAS IN *DIS* APE'S FUR!

SO WHERE YA WANNA *GO*, TOOTS?

UH.

AWAY FROM THAT?

HOLY HANNAH!

HIT THE GAS. NOW.

KA-BOOM!!

DIS IS GETTIN' HAIRY...

NOT FOR LONG.

TAKE A LEFT AT NORM SAUNDERS BLOCK— DOWN WOOD STREET.

OKAY, I JUST READ YOUR MIND AND THIS IS NOT A GOOD PLAN—

IT'S WHAT WE HAVE.

TAKE US PAST POWER TOWER APELINO

POWER TOWER!

source of geothermal energy for more than half the city. Drawing molten lava from the very core of the Earth! A boon to the city... and a temoting target for terrorists! USE YOUR EYES- OR THE CITY DIES! DIAL P A-L FOR JUDGE PAL AND TELL US EVERYTHING YOU'RE SEEING RIGHT NOW!

SEE CARD 67 BAD MATH

POWER TOWER!

POWER TOWER USES A COMPUTERIZED *MAGNETIC FIELD SYSTEM* TO KEEP THE MAGMA *CONTAINED* EXACTLY *FOUR MINUTES* AND *42 SECONDS* AGO. THAT SYSTEM *FAILED*

WHICH MEANS THAT RIGHT ABOUT *NOW*

KA-BOOOOOM!!

AAAAAIIIEEEE!

OH, TARZAN, WHO ART K.NG OF THE JUNGLE— H-HALLOWED BE THY *LOINCLOTH*—

NEVER TOOK YOU FOR A *RELIGIOUS* APE. APE! NO.

SHADDUP! I'M *PRAYIN'* HERE!

SOON—

SECTOR HOUSE 301, FOLKS!

LOOKS LIKE SOMEONE ALREADY MADE US A *DOORWAY*..

DROKK— TOTAL CARNAGE!

ANDERSON—

I'M READING ONE *SURVIVOR*, JOE

"...BUT WE SHOULD *HURRY*"

(GO ON, HUMAN. SOLVE IT! IT'S AS SIMPLE AS $\Sigma = n\delta + 2$!)

(HE HE HE! I LAUGH AT HIS *PUNY BRAIN*!)

FUN'S *OVER*, CREEPS!

FZAAAK

FZAAAK

EEEEEEEE!

TH-THANK GOODNESS YOU *RESCUED* ME, MY BOY! THEY *MURDERED* MY WHOLE *RESEARCH TEAM*...

...AND THEN *FORCED* ME TO PLAY SOME KIND OF *ALIEN SUDOKU*! I WAS ONE *IMAGINARY NUMBER* AWAY FROM *DEATH*!

ANY JOY ON THAT *SPHERE*, MAYOU?

WELL, AS YOU CAN *SEE*, IT'S STILL DOING WHATEVER IT'S *DOING* AND WITHOUT WORKING *INSTRUMENTS*, THERE'S NOT THAT MUCH I CAN—

GRUD ON A GREENIE!

ANDERSON?

SORRY. I'M A LITTLE BETTER AT GETTING PAST THE R *DEFENSES* NOW, SO I FIGURED I'D GIVE IT ANOTHER *SCAN*. AND . .

.. WELL, REMEMBER IT HAD SOME KIND OF *ORGANIC MATERIAL* NSIDE? I FOJND OUT WHAT THAT IS

THEY HARVESTED THEIR OWN *BRAINS*, DREDD

INSIDE EVERY SPHERE IS A *LIVING MARTIAN BRAIN!*

69 BRAIN OF CALAMITY!

GOOD LORD! -:CHOKE:-

...MARTIAN?

IT TURNS OUT.

ACTUALLY, THAT MAKES SOME *SENSE*— THE *BRAIN* PART, AT ANY RATE

I'VE LONG SUSPECTED THE POSSIBILITY OF *TECHNOPATHY*—A KIND OF MENTAL BROADCAST ON THE *ELECTROMAGNETIC SPECTRUM.*

BEINGS WITH SUCH A POWER COULD *EASILY* SHUT DOWN ALL ELECTRONIC MACHINERY IN THEIR VICINITY AT A GIVEN SIGNAL...

AND AS YOU CAN SEE, WE'RE QUITE DEFENSELESS *AGAINST* IT.

NOT QUITE

OH BOY. I *KNOW* THAT LOOK.

YOU'RE *UP*, ANDERSON.

JUST SO YOU KNOW— IF WE GET THROUGH THIS *ALIVE?*

I'M PUTT NG IN A TRANSFER TO *ACCOUNTS*

LOTS OF *USEFUL WORK* IN ACCOUNTS.

WHERE ARE WE?

STILL IN THE *LAB* THIS IS WHAT YOU'D CALL A *MENTAL LANDSCAPE*—I FIGURED I'D WIRE YOU INTO WHAT I M "SEEING" ,N THE R MINDS.

THEIR MINDS?

OH YEAH.

SHIZAAK

AAAAHH—

ANDERSON!

SHE'S CONVULSING—

(BRAIN MAKE PAIN!)

(BRAIN MAKE PAIN!)

(BRAIN MAKE PAIN!)

G-GET.

. OUT.

OF MY HEAD, YOU LITTLE MONSTERS.

YOU OKAY?

BLUNT FORCE ATTACK. *PSYCHIC WARFARE 101*— KEEP THE CONSCIOUS MIND *DISTRACTED* WHILE YOU GO IN THE *BACK DOOR* AND CUT THE WIRES.

YOU'LL KNOW IT'S *WORKED* WHEN I *DROP DEAD*

(YES! *PAIN!* PAIN FROM BRAIN!)

(NOW—PAIN *AGAIN!*)

UNFORTUNATELY, NOTHING'S *QUITE* AS DISTRACTING AS THE FEELING OF ALL YOUR *NERVE ENDINGS* BEING RAZORED, SALTED, AND PICKLED IN *BLACK ATLANTIC WATER*.

ONCE THEY'RE DONE TESTING MY *LIMITS*. THEY'LL LINK UP AND FINISH THE JOB.

WISH ME *LUCK*, JOE

ROUTE IT THROUGH *ME*

WHAT—?

IF I'M SEEING WHAT YOU'RE SEEING, I CAN FEEL WHAT YOU'RE FEELING. YOU CAN USE MY NERVOUS SYSTEM AS A *BUFFER*

NOT RIGHT AWAY.

DREDD, IT'LL KILL YOU!

(*BRAIN! MAKE! PAAAAIN!*)

SEVEN THOUSAND PAPER CUTS

LIMB REMOVAL WITH RUSTY SPOON.

SPINE SAWN IN HALF LENGTHWISE

TOOTH SCREWS.

SANDPAPERED EYEBALL

RAT IN ABDOMEN.

AND WORSE

AND WORSE

AND WORSE

NNFF...

DRBDDP

NEVER MIND ME..

JUST HURRY IT UP.

NOT SURE HOW MUCH TIME I CAN BUY YOU...

THAT'S OKAY, JOE

THEY'RE DISTRACTED—

—AND I'M IN THE BACK DOOR

(AUGH! F-FELLOW BRAIN MAKE PAIN FOR BRAIN? EXPLAIN!)

(OUCH! WHAT? BRAIN ATTACK BRAIN! BRAIN MUST EXPLAIN!)

(BRAIN ATTACK BRAIN? THEN BRAIN MUST FIGHT BRAIN ATTACKING BRAIN!)

(FIGHT WHICH BRAIN? BRAIN CONFUSED...)

(BRAIN MAKE PAIN!)

(EEEK! NO, NOT FIGHT BRAIN- FIGHT BRAIN!)

(BRAIN NEED MORE SPECIFIC PRONOUNS TO-)

(BRAIN MAKE PAIN!)

(SHUT UP, BRAIN! BRAINS AT WAR NOW! MUST KILL ALL FELLOW BRAINS!)

(BRAIN MAKE PAIN!)

(KILL!)

(KILL!)

(KILL!)

SFLUT

<KI—>

UNNHH...

THE SPHERE—

WE'VE GOT POWER AGAIN, SIR!

CONTROL! THIS IS JUSTICE ONE CALLING—WE RE BACK N THE GAME AND READY TO ENGAGE HOSTILES!

ROGER THAT, JUSTICE ONE!

IN THE NAME OF THE LAW

—BLOW 'EM AWAY!

WITH THE DEADLY BRAINS NO LONGER SUPRESSING THE MEGA-CITIES' ADVANCED TECHNOLOGY, THE TIDE TURNS QUICKLY.

STRATO-VS TAKE TO THE SKIES OF EAST-MEG ONE...

FOR THE MOTHERLAND!

IN BRIT-CIT, A BRIEF DETENTE BETWEEN *LAW* AND *CRIMINALITY*...

I *SAY*, OLD FRUIT! YOU'RE A DASHED F NE *SHOT*, DON'T YOU KNOW— FOR A CHAP WHO'S NEVER RIDDEN TO *HOUNDS*, OF COURSE!

LOR LUV A KIPPER! YER A BIT OF ALL RIGHT *YERSELF*, ME OL' *DOG AN' DUCK!*

THE HEAT IS ON IN *ANTARCTIC CITY*...

SNOW-DOZERS— *FORWARD!*

(NOOOOOO!)

AND IN THE *MEG*, IT'S BUSINESS AS USUAL...

YOU *OKAY* AFTER ALL THAT, DREDD?

STILL A LITTLE INTERMITTENT AGONY, ANDERSON.

IT'LL PROBABLY PASS.

EVENTUALLY

GETTING A FLASH FROM *PSI-DIVISION*—PSYCHIC SCANS SHOW ALL ALIEN FORCES ARE IN *RETREAT*. LOOKS LIKE THE MARS ATTACKS ARE OVER.

SO WHAT *NOW*, DREDDY? TAKE THE FIGHT TO DA *MARTIANS*?

THAT'LL BE OUR TOP PRIORITY...

RIGHT AFTER I SEND *YOU* TO THE *CUBES*

HUH? YA—YA *CAN'T* ARREST ME! YA GAVE ME *AMNESTY* REMEMBER?

THAT WAS *BEFORE* YOU DROVE A GASOLINE-BURNING VEHICLE ON A PUBLIC HIGHWAY IN CONTRAVENTION OF THE *ANTI-POLLUTION CODES*.

SENTENCE FOR A POLLUTION OFFENSE IS AT THE ARRESTING JUDGE'S *DISCRETION*—USUALLY AROUND 30 DAYS. IN *YOUR* CASE, THOUGH, I'M MAKING IT *LIFE*

WHAT? YA CAN'T *DO* DAT! I GOT *RIGHTS!*

MAYBE ON SOME *OTHER* PLANET, APELINO

BUT HERE, I AM *THE LAW!*

MOVE!

THAT'S ALL, CREEPS!

K RI
Art by Greg Staples

1
CRUSHING A PERP
1 SUB
Art by Loston Wallace • Colors by Stephen Downer

A SOUVENIR
2
2 SUB
Art by Loston Wallace • Colors by Stephen Downer

3
DOUBLEHEADER
3 SUB
Art by Loston Wallace • Colors by Stephen Downer

4
SPEED BUMPS
4 SUB
Art by Loston Wallace • Colors by Stephen Downer

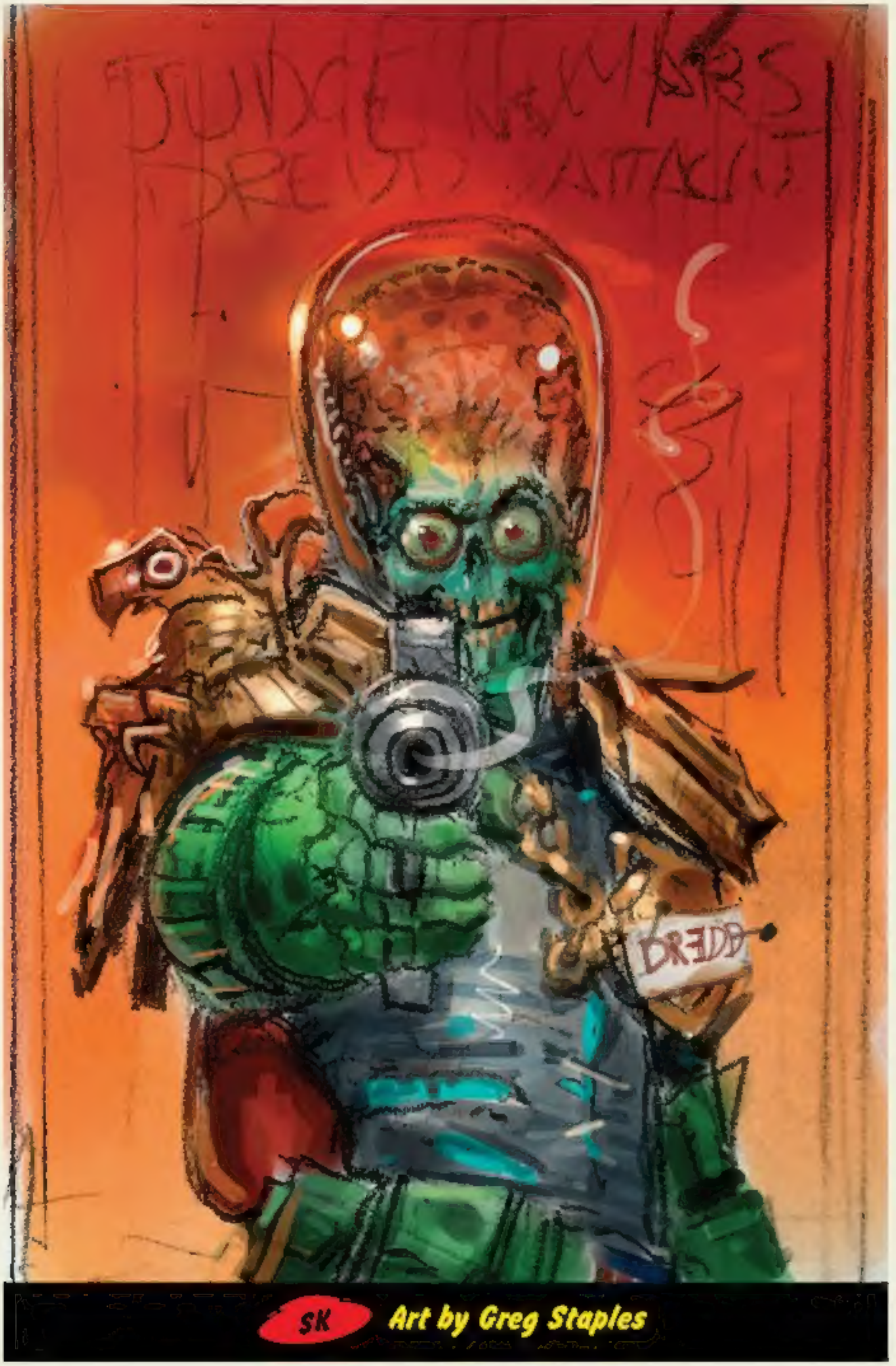
1 RI
Art by John McCrea + Colors by Jay Fotos

3 RE
Art by John McCrea • Colors by Jay Fotos

1 LTD
Art by Narl • Colors by Thomas Mason

PUP
Art by Simon Williams • Colors by Anthony D. Lee

SO...WHICH ONE OF YOU
CREEPS IS FIRST?
SK
Art by Greg Staples



SK Art by Greg Staples

SK
Art by Greg Staples

SK
Art by Greg Staples

Martian mayhem overtakes Mega-City One!

IDW

During the annual meeting of the Mega-City Mafia, a new boss makes a play for power thanks to a mysterious benefactor. Meanwhile, Judge Dredd conducts a routine bust that turns out anything but routine when he makes a shocking (and disgusting) discovery!

PARENTAL ADVISORY

SEE PAGE 5
MARS ATTACKS JUDGE DREDD!